And here is come to doe ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies : I will apprehend him,
Stop thy vnhallowed toyle, vile *Mountague* :
Can vengeance be purſu'd further then death ?
Condemned Villaine, I doe apprehend thee.
Obey and goe with me, for thou muſt dye.
Ro. I muſt indeed, and therefore came I hither,
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſperate man,
Flye hence and leaue me, thinke vpon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee Youth,
Put not another ſinne vpon my head,
By vrging me to furie, O be gone,
By Heauen I loue thee better then my ſelfe,
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelfe:
Stay not, be gone, liue, and hereafter ſay,
A mad mans mercie bid thee runne away.
Par. I doe defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a Fellon here.
Ro. Wilt thou prouoke me? then haue at thee Boy.
Page O, Lord, they fight, I will goe call the watch.
Par. O I am ſlaine, if thou be mercifull,
Open the Tombe, lay me with *Iuliet*.
Ro. In faith I will, let me peruſe this face,
Mercutio's Kinſman, Noble Countie *Paris*,
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoule
Did not attend him as we rode? I thinke
He told me *Paris* ſhould haue marryed *Iuliet*,
Said he not ſo? or did I dreame it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talke of *Iuliet*,
To thinke it was ſo? O giue me thy hand,
One, writ with me in ſowre misfortunes Booke.
Ile burie thee in a triumphant graue:
A Graue; O no, A Lanthorne; ſlaughtred Youth:
For here lyes *Iuliet*, and her beautie makes
This Vault a feaſting preſence full of light.
Death lye thou there by a dead man interd,
How oft when men are at the point of death,

Haue they beene merrie? which their Keepers call
A lightning before death? O how may I
Call this a Lightning? O my Loue, my Wife,
Death that hath ſuckt the Honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet vpon thy beautie:
Thou art not conquer'd, beauties enſigne yet
Is Crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheekes,
And Deaths pale flag is not aduanced there.
Tibalt lyeſt thou there in thy bloudy ſheet?
O what more fauour can I doe to thee,
Then with that hand that cut thy youth in twaine,
To ſunder his that was thine enemie?
Forgiue me Couzen. Ah deare *Iuliet*.
Why art thou yet ſo faire? I will beleeue,
Shall I beleeue, that vnſubſtantiall death is amorous?
And that the leane abhorred Monſter keepes
Thee here in darke to be his Paramour?
For feare of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And neuer from this palace of dimme night
Depart againe; here, here will I remayne,
With Wormes that are thy Chambermaydes: O here
Will I ſet vp my euerlaſting reſt:
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtarres
From this World-wearied fleſh, eyes looke your laſt:
Armes take your laſt embrace: And lips, O you
The doores of breath, ſeale with a righteous kiſſe
A dateleſſe bargaine to ingroſſing death:
Come bitter conduct, come vnſauourie guide,
Thou deſperate Pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing Rockes, thy Sea-ſicke weary Barke:
Here's to my Loue. O true Apothecary;
Thy Drugs are quicke. Thus with a kiſſe I dye.

Enter Frier *with Lanthorne, Crow and Spade.*

Fri. Saint *Francis* be my ſpeed, how oft to night
Haue my old feet ſtumbled at graues? Who's there?